Volume LXV CHICAGO, MARCH 24, 1910 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Easter Morn

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn!

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories,
Immortal hopes shall grow:

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years!

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

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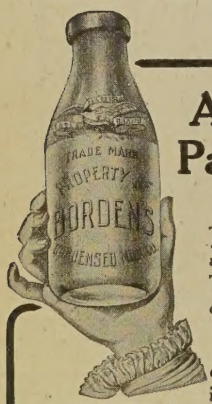

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We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1910. Number 4.

RESURRECTION

Not from a tomb-environment my Christ arises,—
No need to roll a heavy stone away
To give him egress from the grave's dark portal
Upon this joyous, blessed Easter Day;

No angel, stern-faced, watches at the entrance,
No grave-like vestments on the ground I see,
And all of us are Marys, Johns and Peters
Who wait the resurrection soon to be.

The earth is thrilling through and through with rapture
As hands, not finite, push the clods away
To free the prisoners of old Winter's rigor
And lift them to the blessed light of day.

All Nature listens to the prescient murmur
Of rootlets pushing upward through the sod,
And waits with radiant eyes and hands out-stretching
To greet these resurrection days of God.

O soul of mine, put off thy greed and meanness,
Thy selfishness forever cast away,
And in new vestments stand erect to welcome
Thy re-born self this happy Easter Day.

Easter, 1910. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Again have half a hundred human lives gone to pay the penalty of the demand for speed and commercial profit. Because no turn-table had been provided, and because the great trainload of passengers must be sent through "on time," the railroad authorities sent two great engines to "back up" and pull the train through the Iowa division on the Great Western tracks. Evidently this was the sufficient cause of one tender jumping the rails and producing one of the worst wrecks ever known in the state of Iowa. The railroad company is censurable, but the public insistence on speed, speed at any cost, is the ultimate cause of an awful catastrophe.

We have not found elsewhere this year so clear a grasp or so ideal a statement of the heart of the Easter thought as in J. M. Barrie's "Neither Dorking nor the Abbey," first published in the *Westminster Gazette* and now reproduced in booklet form by Browne's Bookstore. The trivial circumstance of England's refusal to honor its great Abbey with the dust of the great master, George Meredith, forms the apparent motive of the story, but the transitoriness of the dust and the persistence and royalty of spirit are illustrated in Barrie's happiest vein. Truly, a man capable of such a dream or worthy to inspire it should bring intimations of immortality sufficient to satisfy the heart and hallow the Easter time with great hopes and noble consecrations.

As we go to press it seems probable that the Board of Election Commissioners will decide to exclude the license question from the ballot this spring, notwithstanding the fact that the monster petition of the temperance forces was definitely and formally allowed over a month ago. The reason for this action will not be that less than the required 65,511 names of qualified voters are to be found on the petition, but will be a mere technicality utterly unreasonable and presumably illegal. Inasmuch as a large number of voters have moved since the last registration, and there has been no opportunity to register again before this petition was required, therefore all such people are declared not "legal voters"! It seems perfectly apparent that any election board that thus disfranchises voters by the thousand, and thus thwarts the desire of a hundred thousand qualified electors to register their will on this question, will hear from the people of Chicago again, and in no uncertain terms! Let the political chicanery go on—there will come a time, and that right soon, when such high-handed arrogance will receive its reward.

The downfall of "Joe Cannonism" was long ago assured but the culmination of the drama was none the less realistic. "Uncle Joe" has been a picturesque figure in our national life for a good many years, and has shown himself a leader of marked ability. None but a forceful character could have maintained the position he has occupied, particularly during his "czardom" over the most democratic house of the most democratic nation on the face of the earth. Here in the United States congress has been the most absolute and tyrannical dictator of legislation to be found in any popular assembly in the world. No man in the English or German government exercises the power over legislation that Speaker Cannon has wielded. Nor does the fact that the "house conferred the power and can take it away" alter the truth of the above. Messrs. Norris, Cooper and the rest took their political lives in their hands when they dared to protest, and they were shorn of their power on the house committees. A great gain for democracy and for righteousness has been accomplished in what has been done and in what is now on the way of accomplishment both in the house and in the senate. The rule of Mr. Cannon is virtually ended and that of Senator Aldrich will not long survive.

To the Working Men of Chicago

DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS:

For such we are. The vast majority of the citizens of this great city are, like yourselves, working men, born of working parents, reared to work for wages of one kind or another. Many of us, like yourselves, were born across the seas, were carried here by our parents, or came later through our own choice, that we might have a better chance to labor, expecting nothing better than an opportunity to earn our bread and a better chance to care for our loved ones and give to our wives and children more comforts and higher privileges. I wish, then, to protest earnestly against recent attempts in some quarters to force an ignominious class distinction upon us by trying to justify and defend the saloons of Chicago on the score that they are the "workingmen's clubs," and the "poor people's social centers." Those of us who are wage-earners know that this is a false insinuation, a vulgar attempt to cast a stigma upon our poverty and to differentiate the "workingman" from the superior and favored capitalist "employer" and leisure class, who seem to say "We do not need the saloon," and, by implication, "We do not patronize it." You know well enough that it is not the day laborers, the craftsmen or members of the Labor Unions, that keep alive the seven thousand and more saloons in Chicago. I believe that, in proportion to the population represented by the "employer" and the "employe" classes, a vastly larger proportion of the former class patronize the saloon than of the latter; and we know that much of the present capitalist combine, representing the brewing and distilling industries, would go to the wall if they were dependent chiefly upon the patronage of the toiling classes. Most of the drunkenness, the dissipation, and the crime connected therewith, come from the *leisure* classes and not from the *toiling* classes of Chicago. The laboring men of Chicago know full well that the frequenter of the saloon holds his job by an uncertain tenure, and that the most effective temperance organizations in Chicago are the Labor Unions, who guard their members as best they can from the debaucheries of the saloon and are using more and more effectively their instrumentalities to protect the wives and children of their members from the hardship and humiliations that belong to the family of him who makes the saloon his "club house." Laboring men of Chicago also know that, next to the Labor Unions, the great industrial plants, the far-seeing and effective "captains of industry," and the great railroad corporations are the most effective temperance organizations in the country. In many of these best managed aggregations of labor, to be found frequenting the saloons in any systematic and regular fashion is to find oneself automatically dropped out of the service.

I call upon you workingmen of Chicago to resent this attempt at forcing an ignoble class distinction upon the wage earning population of this city under the guise of the Personal Liberty Plea. This insinuation is all the more galling and unjust because it has about it the air of patronage from the kid gloved frequenters of the wealthy men's clubs, with their amply supplied sideboards, and their cut-glass decanters filled with the most fiery of liquors.

The contentions of the Labor Unions, more clearly, perhaps, than any other organization in the United States, set forth the limitations of personal liberty. They teach that the personal liberty of one man ends where the rights of another are encroached upon. All organizations imply the surrender of individual rights to public good. In proportion as governments are benign and democratic, they protect the weak from the strong, the virtuous from the vicious, the noble impulses of the community from the greed of the ignoble and selfish scheming of the few.

You know that the saloons of Chicago, as now managed, are the workingman's worst enemy. Go find the workingmen's children who are poorly shod and the workingmen's wives who are shabbily dressed and the workingmen's home that is poorly furnished with fuel and provisions, and you will know where to find the workingman. Go find the man who is in debt, who is borrowing small sums of money and trying to save his financial face, and you will know who his largest creditor is.

We all know that there is great need of more social privileges for the working people of Chicago, more places for innocent amusement, more centers for social gatherings, where neighbors may meet neighbors and take their wives and children along. The Chicago saloon is the worst place to offer such privileges. It is not a place where you can take your wives and children; so unfitting is this that it is prevented by city ordinance, and you know that the hospitalities of these places, even to men, are conditioned upon the amount of money spent at the bar. The free lunches that tempt you are not given you in charity, but from shrewd speculation,—they get their money back.

If the money spent by workingmen over the bars of Chicago could be saved, and if the workingmen of Chicago received just wages and their employers bore their rightful share of expenses in sustaining the city government and enforcing its ordinances concerning wholesome tenements, the social centers, the "poor men's clubs" that our wealthy men are so solicitous about would be realized. The issue now presented to Chicago voters is not one of total abstinence or prohibition, though many of us believe that life is made sweeter, healthier and happier by total abstinence from all intoxicants, but the present fight is against the saloon as a tippling place and a treating place, an unsocial place from which your wives and children

are excluded and where the patrons are bound together by no common social tie of race, religious preference, conviction or social taste. A relish for whisky is a poor platform on which neighbors can come together. The beer and wine places of the old world, where men, women and children of common taste, a common language and a common religion come together to enjoy music and conversation, to sing and dance together with the sanctions of their religion and in the presence of their teachers and their priests, find no analogy in the American saloon, where the jargon of many languages is heard at once and where the tramp, the hobo, the petty criminal, the grafter and the big political boss are at home and are oftentimes most welcomed because they are the best patrons of the man behind the bar. If when this saloon nuisance is abated there is no way possible by which a workingman can furnish himself with his beers and his liquors at his home, or use them in the same way that his rich employer does on his own table and for his own guests, it is quite legitimate that we should all try to make his "privilege" possible and legal to the poor man, or else impossible and illegal to the rich man. However the liquor question is settled, it is not a class question, and the capitalist and the leisure man who are now so solicitous about the rights of the workingman, may well be suspected of hypocrisy. While speaking one word for the poor "laborer," are they not speaking two for themselves?

If, as I fear is still the case with many lodges in Chicago, your Lodge Rooms have many vicious connections with saloons, it will be all the better chance for you to do missionary work, and this movement will hasten the day so desired by your leaders, when the old time back door connection between the Labor Unions and the saloons shall be no longer possible. Let us work together to get rid of the saloon; then we will work together to install something better that is so much needed, and for which we are so nearly ready. In getting into the dry territory, we are getting in line with advanced signs, enlightening economics, progressive labor and intelligent and effective labor unions.

Very cordially yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

NATURE'S WORD

In holy moments, when great Nature seems
  Hushed and a-listen, earth and air and sky
In all their loveliness aroused from dreams,
  Ready for revelations from on high;

We mortals, too, await in wonder then,—
  Hearts throbbing like some small, just captured-bird,—
Something divine about to be,—ah, when
  Or where we know not, but we trust the Word.

—*Richard Burton.*

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit. —*Seneca.*

THE PULPIT

President Eliot's "New Religion"

BY REV. RICHARD W. BOYNTON, OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

VI. The New Hope of Immortality.

We come, in the last sermon of this present series, to one of the fundamental questions to which every form of religious faith has been expected in some sense to offer an answer. It is the question asked so long ago by the author of the Book of Job, and asked so often since by human hearts in hours of sore bereavement, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

It is in regard to personal immortality that the great majority of readers of Dr. Eliot's address have probably found themselves most sharply disappointed in it. I recall distinctly the impression made on my own mind during its delivery. Several times the speaker reached a point where he might naturally have been expected to define his attitude toward personal immortality, and each time he veered off without doing so. At the close, practically all of those who were listening felt that here was the greatest omission of this otherwise admirable address. One cannot be quite certain from reading it whether Dr. Eliot himself believes in personal immortality or not. One would be entitled, however, after a careful study of the address, to conclude that at least the belief does not exist in any vivid or compelling fashion in his mind. For if he held it strongly, he would doubtless have expressed it as vigorously and clearly as his other convictions are expressed. Such is his entire candor of speech that, not having expressed it when he had every opportunity of doing so, we are entitled, I believe, to assume that he does not hold the belief, or holds it in so limited and tentative a fashion that it did not seem worth including as an important element in the religion of the future.

I.

I shall take the liberty to differ with Dr. Eliot in my interpretation of the answer which the new religion has to make to this question of the immortal life. The attitude of my own mind is exactly expressed in the wording of our present subject, "The New Hope of Immortality." At first thought, there may seem to be a wide difference between such a hope and the older belief. The difference, however, is more apparent than real. The older belief, even in its more dogmatic form, was supposed to rest upon some kind of reasoned proof. The proof advanced was usually historical in its nature. The traditional Christian faith in immortality rests upon the assumed rising of Jesus from the dead. Dr. Lyman Abbott even has gone so far as to declare that if the resurrection could be proved not to be an historical fact, man's faith in immortality would be vain. This is only a modern rendering of the position taken by Paul in the words, "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain; your faith also is vain."

But the matter is not so simple as it is thus made to appear. If we take the story of the resurrection to mean that the material body of Jesus was raised from the grave and ascended into heaven, that cannot in logical strictness be a proof of *our* immortality. For

our bodies will not in that fashion ascend into heaven —whatever such an ascension might mean—but their physical particles will return to the substance of the earth from which they came. On the other hand, if the resurrection of Jesus means only that his spirit survived death, then the question of his immortality and of ours becomes one and the same. It is something that rests on faith alone. His resurrection in that purely spiritual sense cannot be put forward as a proof that we shall rise from the dead, because such a spiritual resurrection is not an event in history and cannot therefore be made subject to historical proof. The subject is one upon which I do not think it can be said that we have yet arrived at any absolute certainty. The various attempts to prove the soul to be immortal have not yet, in my opinion, brought forth the kind of proof that commends itself universally to thinking minds.

I do not want to appear to ignore in this connection the large amount of very earnest work that has been done upon this question along lines purporting to be scientific by such notable men as those who compose the Society for Psychical Research. Their explorations and experiments have unquestionably opened up new fields of investigation of great importance in the more obscure regions of human faculty. They belong, that is, for the most part, to the realm of what is now coming to be called abnormal psychology. But it is certainly well within the truth to say that the communications, as they are claimed to be, from spirits in another life, have not yet reached that degree of completeness or cogency, which would make them convincing to the great majority of thoughtful persons.

The proof of immortality, in fact, still rests upon almost exactly the same basis as it always has in rational thought. It is bound up with the proof of God's existence and attributes, and that is involved in the question which lies at the basis of all religion,—namely, *whether the universe to which we belong is at bottom spiritual or material in its nature.* It depends upon our conviction on that all important point whether we shall believe or disbelieve in God, and believe or disbelieve in the immortality of the human soul. The great German philosopher, Kant, at the close of the eighteenth century, fully demonstrated, I think, that belief in God and belief in immortality must stand or fall together. Dr. Eliot does not so represent the matter, and in this respect I think we shall have to hold him to be less thorough-going in his thought than in most other respects. It would seem that he has not explored this subject as fully as some others. I shall undertake, then, in the first place to examine the statements of Dr. Eliot's address which bear on the question before us, and secondly by drawing out the conclusion to which they really point, in spite of his silence on the main question, I shall try to set before you the fuller conviction of the new religion as I interpret it regarding the future life of our souls.

II.

We find to begin with in Dr. Eliot's address the most inspiring recognition of what we may call the primacy of the soul over the body. I lay stress on this because it clearly marks a parting of the ways between thinkers whose sympathies are with the materialistic type, and thinkers whse sympathies are with the spiritual type of thought. My hope is to show that faith in immortality *logically belongs* with the conviction that spirit is supreme over matter. Starting with this conviction, that is, it is radically inconsistent for a thinker not to hold the immortal hope. Now let us have the statement of Dr. Eliot's attitude upon this fundamental point.

"Men have always attributed to man," he says, "a spirit distinct from his body, though immanent in it. No one of us is willing to identify himself with his body; but on the contrary every one now believes, and all men have believed, that there is in a man an animating, ruling, characteristic essence or spirit, which is himself. This spirit, dull or bright, petty or grand, pure or foul, looks out of the eyes, sounds in the voice, and appears in the bearing and manners of each individual. It is something just as real as the body, and more characteristic. To every influential person it gives far the greater part of his power. It is what we call the personality. This spirit, or soul, is the most effective part of every human being, and is recognized as such, and always has been. It can use a fine body more effectively than it can a poor body, but it can do wonders through an inadequate body. In the crisis of a losing battle, it is the human soul that rallies the flying troops. It looks out of flashing eyes, and speaks in ringing tones, but its appeal is to other souls, and not to other bodies. In the midst of terrible natural catastrophes,—earthquakes, storms, conflagrations, volcanic eruptions,—when men's best works are being destroyed and thousands of lives are ceasing suddenly and horribly, it is not a few especially good human bodies which steady the survivors, maintain order, and organize the forces of rescue and relief. It is a few superior souls. The leading men and women in any society, savage or civilized, are the strongest personalities,—the personality being primarily spiritual, and only secondarily bodily. Recognizing to the full these simple and obvious facts, Dr. Eliot concludes, "the future religion will pay homage to all righteous and loving persons who in the past have exemplified, and made intelligible to their contemporaries, intrinsic goodness and effluent good-will. It will be an all-saints religion. It will treasure up all tales of human excellence and virtue."

Surely no recognition of the power and primacy of our spiritual personality could well be stronger than that. But as the address goes on, why do we not have an equally strong affirmation of the persistence of that spiritual personality beyond the dissolution of this physical organism, by means of which in our present phase of existence it finds expression? The question comes up first in connection with the subject of consolation. Dr. Eliot says, "To the wretched, sick and downtrodden of the earth, religion has in the past held out hopes of future compensation. When precious ties of affection have been broken, religion has held out prospects of immediate and eternal blessings for the departed; and has promised happy reunions in another and a better world. To a human soul, lodged in an imperfect, feeble, or suffering body, some of the older religions have held out the expectation of deliverance by death, and of entrance upon a rich, competent, and happy life,—in short, for present human ills, however crushing, the widely accepted religions have offered either a second life, presumably immortal, under the happiest conditions, or at least peace, rest, and a happy oblivion. Can the future religion promise that sort of compensation for the ills of this world, any more

than it can promise aid against threatened disaster?" His answer to this last question is really evasive,—I do not think consciously or intentionally so. His thought in fact turns aside from the main point here. For he goes on to declare, "A candid reply to this inquiry involves the statement that in the future religion there will be nothing 'supernatural,'" and a little later he adds, "It is obvious therefore that the completely natural quality of the future religion excludes from it many of the religious compensations and consolations of the past." Now the question of immortality is not really affected by that distinction of natural and supernatural. When we come to ask what kind of consolation for human ills the new religion will offer, the answer given is that it will offer "the consolation which often comes to the sufferer from being more serviceable to others than he was before the loss or the suffering for which consolation is needed; the consolation of being one's self, wiser and tenderer than before, and therefore more able to be serviceable to human kind in the best ways; the consolation through the memory, which preserves the sweet fragrance of characters and lives no longer in presence, recalls the joys and achievements of those lives while still within mortal view, and treasures up and multiplies the good influences they exerted." The sort of impersonal immortality that he here has in mind seems to be that of George Eliot's "O May I Join the Choir Invisible."

If the speaker had any overwhelming conviction of the reality of personal survival as a source of present consolation—the confident hope and expectation that our loved ones, though now parted from us, will be joined to us again in the great hereafter,—this surely was the point at which that faith should have emerged and found expression. That such expression is wanting can only be explained, I am persuaded, by the probability that in Dr. Eliot's individual case any fervent hope of immortality is wanting. This lack I interpret to be purely personal, and not a lack necessarily representative of the new religion as a whole. To be sure, the lack is one that is found today in many minds, especially of such masculine and positive character as his, and it may be accounted for in part by the influence upon him of early scientific habits of thought.

I am fully persuaded, nevertheless, that Dr. Eliot's own fundamental conviction of the primacy of our spiritual personality would lead naturally and logically to an *affirmation* of the immortal hope. He says, for example, of the new religion that "It sees evidence in the moral history of the human race that a loving God rules the universe. Trust in this supreme rule is genuine consolation and support under many human trials and sufferings." And further he affirms that, "The two sentiments which most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope. Religion should give freer and more rational play to these two sentiments than the world has heretofore witnessed." Then when he adds that under the new religion, "All the natural human affections will remain in full force," these statements taken together simply *shout* for the conclusion so strangely omitted from his address, that our human personality will survive the dark and fearsome gulf of death.

III.

What, now, is the conviction of the new religion as we have been interpreting it upon that question of the heart as new as it is old, "If a man die, shall he live again?" We have seen that the new religion does not rely upon any proof of immortality starting from the assumed bodily resurrection of Jesus. It must further, I think, have become clear to us that the new religion cannot sanction any hard and fast dogmatic belief in immortality. A striking commentary on this is the fact that so prominent an exponent of the new religion as Dr. Eliot himself does not, so far as we can make out, hold this belief in any clear fashion. The new religion does not require, indeed, that all of its beliefs shall be held by any who profess its general principles. Its object is not to enforce a creed upon the mind, but to suggest a faith that shall be rationally satisfying and practically inspiring and uplifting. The new religion would not, I think, venture to affirm the impossibility of living a comparatively happy and a highly serviceable life without any belief whatever in existence after death.

But it is perfectly true as Dr. Eliot significantly says, that the two sentiments which most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope. Love is the tie that binds us closest to each other in this human existence. Death, to the physical senses, appears to be the fatal and final severance of that bond. If death ends all, then the dear object of our love, for whom we cared and whom we so tenderly cherished, but whom we could not save, is suddenly extinguished and our love, bruised and wounded, is thrown back upon itself in bitter loneliness. All that Dr. Eliot suggests as to the natural sources of consolation is entirely true and wholly cogent. We have memory. We are made more tender and sympathetic and wise toward others' suffering by our own sorrow, and through this experience we may thus become indefinitely more serviceable to our sorrowing neighbor. But what an awful blank is left, after all, and how short a distance these suggested consolations can go toward healing the ache in the heart!

What is the query that underlies all the searching questionings of the mind at this tragic point in human experience? Is it not the query whether things are as they actually seem, or whether we have not a right to escape into a new sense of reality in which the apparent values of things become reversed? This is a sense of reality in which what hitherto had appeared most real now comes to seem merely the insubstantial fabric of a vision, and what hitherto had appeared most fleeting and insubstantial comes to seem the only solid and dependable reality there is.

Now this profound and far-reaching reversal of all the obvious and visible valuations of life is the very heart of what we mean by religion. Religion is a new reading of existence in the light of spiritual rather than of material values. And the central affirmation of all religion is that spiritual value is the thing that endures, despite all appearances, and against all opposition whatsoever. "What shall it profit a man," asked Jesus, "to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That has always been the question put by religion to the human heart. The safety of a single soul outweighs in value the whole physical universe. More than this, religion would affirm that the whole significance of the universe, the whole meaning of human life is lost,—it becomes a thing empty and vain and fruitless,—unless this view of the pre-eminence of spiritual reality is true.

What then is it that the religious mind sees in the

fact of death? It sees merely the dissolution of the physical envelope or garment in which a living soul has, for so many months or years, clothed itself and found the needed means of expression in this material sphere. You will recall what Dr. Eliot himself says, that "There is in a man an animating, ruling, characteristic essence of spirit, which is himself"; that "It is something just as real as the body, and more characteristic"; that "To every influential person it gives the far greater part of his power;" and that in times of fearful crisis, when the material world seems to be going to wrack and ruin, it is not the good bodies but the superior souls that rise to command and lead the way in bringing order out of chaos.

Now the power of religion over mankind consists in its always having given to men the supreme inspiration to believe in the better part of themselves and in the better powers of the universe against all evidence to the contrary. The practical effect of such belief it is impossible to estimate. To the weary and discouraged soul, it comes like an infusion of salt solution into impoverished blood. The man rises again in his strength, and feels that he is once more in possession of himself and of the situation that he has to confront.

This inner power of faith, which the most ignorant have shared quite as fully as the most enlightened, if not more so, does not depend for its exercise upon any fully reasoned proof. It is at bottom, if you will, merely a guess at the character of that reality which resides behind all material, and therefore fleeting, appearances. But, if a guess, it has the support not only of high probability, but of a peculiar kind of practical efficiency. Those who have calmly faced the supreme crises and tragedies of life, those who have endured privation, torture and even death with apparent cheerfulness, have been the men and women of religious faith. The attitude is best summed up, perhaps, in another word which we have heard Dr. Eliot using. The new religion, he says, "sees evidence in the moral history of the human race that a loving God rules the universe. Trust in this supreme rule is genuine consolation and support under many human trials and sufferings." The attitude of religion may best be described doubtless, as that of a *confident trust.* In naming my subject "The New Hope of Immortality," I intended that word, hope, to have in your minds the meaning of confident trust. Does that seem a slender foundation upon which to rest our conviction regarding the life hereafter? We can only say that for the new religion it is the only foundation that we have. But further, in strictness, we must add that the old religion had no surer foundation than that.

IV.

It is all a question in what spirit and with what attitude we shall live. I wish that I might, however, lift off from your mind the notion that physical science or evolution, or material progress, or anything else whatsoever, has effectually disproved the immortality of the soul. Absolutely nothing has arisen in recent knowledge to disprove it or to throw any substantial doubt upon it. This is not to say that many modern men of science have not found what seemed to them good and sufficient reasons for doubting immortality, and so have tried, as apparently Dr. Eliot is trying, to content themselves with the lesser consolations that belong to this life alone. But immortality has not been disproved and, I am persuaded, cannot be. Neither, I hold, has it been proved in spite of the confident claims of spiritualism and psychical research. The question is still, as it always has been, wide open and in exactly the same way that the question of God is open. Whether one believes in God or not is not in the least degree a matter of reasoned proof. There is a point,—it cannot too often be insisted,—at which all rational proof stops short. Then comes the question, which aspect of the universal scheme will seem to us more real and signficant?

If we choose the material over the spiritual, then we go one way in our thinking and in all our practical life. We shall concern ourselves mainly with getting and using the things that perish. We shall lay out our lives upon lines that are suited to a swift and brief existence here. We shall be indifferent to, if not scornful towards, any deeper reach of reality. The visible will prevail in our thought over the invisible, and when our loved ones die we shall consign them to the earth, convinced that the bright and blessed presence which inspired the living form was as evanescent as the breezes that play above the grave, and that the only solid, lasting thing is this material universe. That will abide to go through its meaningless changes forever, after we, in our turn, and all other kindred beings now living or yet to live, have had our little day and ceased to be. These are the present beliefs, somewhat summarily expressed, which go with that theory of the universe which we call materialism. It exists in grosser and more refined forms, and is the real basis, as it always has been, of the corroding scepticism and blasting indifference of multitudes toward the spiritual value and higher significance of life. It has indeed plenty of so-called evidence in its favor, and as a scheme of thought is not lacking in a certain coherence and consistency. But at the end we have to say of it that it is cold and lifeless as an Egyptian statue, for there is no hope in its soul, there is no trust at its heart.

Looked at in this light we may perhaps be able to appreciate, by way of contrast, what I have been calling the spiritual or religious view and to see, also how all-important is that matter—which seems on first examination so slight and trifling—of trust or hope. The religious interpretation involves simply, as I said, the reversal of all apparent and visible values. It believes in the soul. It trusts in God. And it confidently hopes for the permanent and undying persistence of this spiritual essence in us, which it holds to be alone the real self, akin to God who is the reality of all that is, and bound to his life by ties that mere physical dissolution can in no wise break asunder.

The new hope of immortality means, then, a confident trust that after what seems to our human and physical senses the deep and final sleep of death, the inner essence of us, the soul or spiritual personality, will rise refreshed into a life as yet unimaginable by us because we have as yet no means of apprehending it. It will be a life lived in the one universe which we have come to know, in part, by means of its present material manifestation to us, and of which we may look for a fuller and larger knowledge as we progress into other mansions for our Father's house. Into the immortal life we may hope and confidently trust, I think, that in carrying our essential personality we shall carry also all that is precious in memory, and with it the capacity to recognize and to be recognized by those whom we

love and to whom we are akin. As to the form and fashion of this future life, the new religion prefers to be reverently silent. Whatever may meet us there may be expected to reveal at least as much of wonder, of beauty, and of goodness, as this present home of our spirits has unfolded.

The new religion does positively affirm that neither the old hell of endless punishment, nor the old heaven of unbroken idleness and bliss is consistent with the further growth of the soul in knowledge and in love. Punishment is not endless even on earth. Repentance brings release from the burden of punishment as well as from the sin itself. The controlling aim of our finite life would seem to be discipline, in order to our further and indefinitely extended growth. That which is here the law of life may be expected to continue to be its law. Those who are gone from us we may confidently trust are going on today in fuller possession of their better self and fuller unfolding of their spiritual being.

"Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again."

This hope is not a mere empty and unfounded desire of selfish affection. Our deepest reading of the universal life in the light of our most intimate experience justifies it at least as a confident and sustaining trust. The great uplift that comes from acceptance of the immortal hope is evident in its practical effect upon our spiritual life. It puts a wider horizon around all our days. It gives a deeper tenderness and fuller significance to every human relation. It ties us by the strongest bonds to the all-ruling power and goodness of the universe. It gives a new spring of courage to our living, making us almost careless as to our present fate, since we are rooted in the profounder spiritual reality which mere human defeat and loss cannot affect. "So," says Emerson, "So come I to live in thoughts and act with energies which are immortal. Thus revering the soul, and learning, as the ancient said, that 'its beauty is immense,' man will come to see that the world is the perennial miracle which the soul worketh, and be less astonished at particular wonders; he will learn that there is no profane history; that all history is sacred; that the universe is represented in an atom, in a moment of time. He will weave no longer a spotted life of shreds and patches, but he will live with a divine unity. He will cease from what is base and frivolous in his own life and be content with all places and any service he can render. He will calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it and so hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart."

Scientific Philanthropy

Address Given at the Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, February 28, 1910
by Dr. C. R. Henderson.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Convened by our gracious hostess to consider the work of the United Charities, we are compelled to face our own minds with the question: Is private charity worth while? Sometimes we are seriously tempted to dismiss the problem altogether with a paralyzing doubt or with positive antagonism. We may do well to analyze the grounds of this skepticism which halts us at the door of our enterprise.

Usually, once enlisted by our sympathies, we are ready to give a fair amount of time and money to relief of distress when it happens to make direct appeal to our personal knowledge. It gives most cultivated men and women real pain to see any one suffer who is near them and known to them.

But by far the most of those who are in deep poverty do not live in our world; we are not aware of their existence; we do not understand the cause of their calamity. There is a gulf between Dives and Lazarus,—in this world.

We are also perplexed when we look into the facts far enough to discover that all the money raised for private charity is totally inadequate and leaves more distress untouched than it alleviates. This is especially true where, as in most of our cities, we have no complete system for discovering speechless, voiceless poverty. Even with our totally inadequate methods we cannot raise money enough to meet known necessities, and all of our societies spend a vast amount of strength and time simply raising funds. Many an excellent salaried charity worker wastes half his life simply getting money to do his task which calls for all his powers; and his heart breaks in sight of unrelieved agonies.

There are many persons here who have learned by experience how trying it is to ask for charity money. We have all been disciplined by self-reliant ancestors to detest all forms of begging, and it is with a sense akin to humiliation and self-contempt that we bring ourselves to ask help,—even for others who cannot maintain their own existence without relief. To give of our own means or time is often a satisfaction and a solace, though this is touched with sadness; to go through the street, from office to office, to knock at closed doors and ask alms, to beg,—even for the poor, —wounds our sensibilities. The pride and honor of our stock revolt against the task, and we breathe more freely when our disagreeable errand is not actually met with frowns and sneers but lightened by gracious and intelligent appreciation. Now that we have a reliable list and description of all charities worthy of support the attitude of suspicion is needless and without reason.

It is curious and instructive to follow the history of poor relief in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in England up to 1601 when the great English Poor Law was enacted under Queen Elizabeth, and to recall the experiences with the failure of private and voluntary charity which led statesmen to resort to a tax. For centuries while the proletariate was forming, and after the dissolution of serfdom, the Church had appealed to the fears, the hopes and the sympathies of its faithful members for alms "for God's sake." When the plague of mendicancy throughout Europe drove the magistrates to repressive measures against the able-bodied beggars, the helpless poor remained; but the gifts solicited by the parsons did not flow in steady and reliable streams. When the relieving officer's fund was low he exhorted the preacher to be a little more eloquent next Sunday in his appeal for collections. Then, as now, and the world over, a poor widow would cast in all her living, some of the well-to-do were liberal, few gave in proportion to their means, and many starved in unrelieved poverty. A later step was

to embody the pious exhortation in law and make it the duty of bishop and rector to collect the required sum; and when this proved no more successful, the comfortable stingy persons of the parish were to be fined if they refused to contribute of their own free will. This was ridiculously near a tax, and the law of 1601 was the inevitable and logical issue of this odd situation. We are able to follow the steps of evolution by which the English people, long in the amphibean era, crawled out of the swamp of irregular private and ecclesiastical charity to the firm land of national law; imploring and threatening by turns, then enforcing pulpit oratory by fines, then straight and clear command of authority assuring a minimum of subsistence to every citizen. This national obligation the Church had taught but had not the means of making effective.

In 1562 the lawmakers decreed that collectors should be appointed in each parish to following up sermon with contribution box into which each pious citizen should cast according to his means; and added: "if any person of his froward or wilful mind shall obstinately refuse to give weekly to the relief of the poor, according to his ability," the bishop should bind him over to sessions, and then justices are again "charitably and gently to persuade and move the said obstinate person to extend his charity." If this froward person still refuse to be persuaded the justices are to "sesse, tax, and limit upon every obstinate person so refusing according to their good discretion"; if he still refuse to pay, they can commit him to prison. After forty years the great law of 1601, the basis of English and American laws to this day, gave a solid foundation to the doctrine that the nation must not let any member perish from misery. When the leaders of the nation resolved that no humblest citizen should die of starvation the poor tax was the only way to furnish the sure financial basis for making that high ideal effective. This idea has been generally accepted in the countries of Northern Europe since the Reformation, and our American colonies carried the English Poor Law to this continent. Not until 1905 did France break the solid Romance custom of depending on private charity for means of meeting the national duty to guarantee a minimum of subsistence to every citizen.

Our own unsatisfactory experience, then, and the history of philanthropy would seem to condemn private charity and lead us to abandon it for public relief.

But we do not abandon voluntary charity, and we are not likely to do so. Why? Because public poor law, though necessary to guarantee a minimum of subsistence and avert actual death from extreme misery, is too uniform, mechanical and heartless to meet the total situation. Poor law must follow a rule; it cannot treat anyone with partiality. Law cannot discriminate and make exceptions. Poor law is not inventive; it becomes bureaucratic; it lags behind the progressive minority; it must wait for a majority vote,—and the majority is nearly always at least a generation behind the best that is known. In the year that the Darwinian explanation of the origin of species was published only two men in this round world had grasped it; the rest waited and most scoffed. It is so with all discoveries,—whether a principle in physics, in law or in mechanical invention; at first they are held in trust for a reluctant race by a few pioneers.

Here is the opportunity and the public function of charity, by the side of the Poor Law; it is the pioneer of better methods. "All can have the flowers now if they have got the seed." It is easy to imitate; harder to set the copy for the coming crowd.

In this the "Charity Organization Society" movement of England and America, represented in Chicago by the United Charities, holds a distinguished place.

Those who support it, we fairly warn them, must be willing to sink some of their money on experiments. Only men and women of insight and foresight are capable of loyalty to such an adventure. Yet science knows no way to new truth save the path of orderly, controlled, carefully planned experiment. The old ways cannot endure; they have for ages salved the sore and left us the deep disease without cure; they have offered an anodyne or an opiate when anti-toxin was required. It is the yet undiscovered anti-toxin we are trying to find in the immense laboratory of Chicago misery.

There is force, intelligence and influence enough in these hospitable rooms tonight to secure what the new social science demands and to push forward investigation into new fields. Relief to mitigate actual suffering should be administered in such a way as to secure the best immediate results and also should be so recorded and studied as to open the way to still better methods. This requires money from those who are able and willing to give. By a cunning alchemy of which the United Charities is master in the mystery we can take even "tainted money" and transform it into pure gold in less than twenty-four hours. We can take "filthy lucre" and cause it to become sunshine which gleams on the contented face of a child which never before had enough to eat. It is hard to find men in this busy city to solicit funds; it is a weak place in our work; and I have explained one reason for it. Mr. Wacker heard one day this excuse: "I have no time to solicit"; and he replied, "Give me half your golf time for three months and it is all I ask." Our president is after $200,000 annual income, and it appears plain that he will get it,—if he has to give a good share of it himself, in time and money,—and time is money in this latitude and longitude.

It is also difficult in American cities to secure a sufficient number of friendly visitors to render the most effective service. In Berlin the municipal authorities can secure over three thousand men to visit the indigent families because it is a civic duty and men lose certain political rights who refuse to act. If our men and women knew the value of this kind of service many hundreds would volunteer. A recent remarkable paper of Mrs. Bowen, who speaks tonight, drew its illustrations wholly from direct observation and experience as a visitor.

The direct influence of personality in visiting people whose hearts are opened by adversity and touched by genuine sympathy is known only to those who have tried it. The Good Samaritan got down to earth and lifted up the half-murdered traveler on the Jericho road; the sanctimonious and orthodox priest and levite passed by in a hurry—to go to a theological controversy at Jerusalem, they say—and left the stranger lying there to bleed to death. The Good Samaritan never forgot the look of gratitude which beamed on him when the rescued man awakened from his swoon. Nor can any man fail to believe in the might of the magnetic touch when he has repeatedly put it to life's test.

Modern science arrives at deepest causes by observa-

tion of many concrete facts; and social science discovers the causes of human misery only by first hand acquaintance with those who suffer. All else is guessing. The United Charities offers to every humane person a scientific approach to the causes of social peril, at the same time presenting the most effective and timely method of mitigation while we toil for a more thorough cure. For example: look along the colored "riders" on the case cards in Mr. Kingsley's office; each color indicating a cause of misery. As modern medicine reduces the number of diseases ascribed to heredity and fate and enlarges the range of hopefully preventable maladies, so our methods lay bare the industrial causes of poverty,—accident and enfeebling disease. It is true alcohol and vice make people beg; so do industrial conditions,—low wages, starvation diet, crowded sleeping rooms, dusty work places, occupational poisons, needless accidents, disability without indemnity and insurance. All these causes are revealed in tragic stories known at first hand only to visitors among the very poor; and all these causes can be greatly reduced in magnitude and killing effect. The first and staggering result of this first-hand knowledge is horror and dismay; but deeper analysis opens the door of hope. If misery came from mystery or unknowable sources we might either excuse ourselves or curse destiny; but there is no excuse for either; we can be filled with compassion and also inspired by hope. Individual effort to understand the poor will save us from that crying injustice of the past superficial explanation: "the poor remain poor because they are all drunkards, vicious, lazy." We soon discover that this is that half-truth which is harder to fight than an outright lie, because it has a varnish of fact. Social legislation, like preventive medicine, bases itself on a direct and thorough study of personal workers among the poor. The failures are due to social neglect; the healing power must come from social legislation,—a broad, sensible, statesmanlike policy which is radical and therefore most wisely conservative. The methods of the United Charities, seen at the best in friendly visiting through district organization with trained directors, give the best promise of allaying pain today and of discovering the constructive measures which will ultimately remove those evil social conditions which are due to our ignorance and neglect and which will disappear before our awakened thought, our intelligent and united labors.

Mr. W. R. Stirling followed this address with a strong and clear paper on district organization.

An Easter Meditation

Easter brings once more "The Joyful Sunday," the festival of hope, the feast of the flowers—the great poetic day of the Christian year. It is thus that we ask music and flowers to come to our aid, not, as Goldwin Smith has said, to fill up a vacuum of belief, but to utter for us a faith too deep for speech, and a hope which belongs of right to the realm of poetry and song.

Something in the stir of life in the reviving earth, in the Springtime overflowing the earth like a heavenly Nile, in the resurrection of the fields from the white sleep of winter, in the thrill that quivers in the bright air, begets an unconscious, involuntary renewal of the faith of man, a refreshing of his hope, a quickening of his passion for life—as though the seasons of the soul were attuned to the seasons of the year. It may be that Easter was an old sun-feast, a spring festival, or what else the wise men may dig up from the folk-lore of the olden time; but it is for us the feast of the Risen Christ none the less, and there is in it that touch of melancholy in joy which all lovers of the Christ feel is the note of his life as it sounds in the story of his pilgrimage, in the tone of his preaching, and in the pathos of his passion.

Let those doubt who will, it is still true that Christ does live in the hearts of men, some of them all unaware, in deeds of love and pity the world over. And his words, as those of no other, do uplift and fortify the soul against the fear of the shadow that waits for every man. The only things worth while are the things thought and felt and done in accord with his spirit and example, in sympathy with his life, sad, sweet, and serene. The sorrow is that we for whom he lived and died, by our misdeeds, by our falling away from his ideal, crucify him many times again.

It profits us little to argue amid music and flowers, or at any other time, but somehow this year Easter brings to my heart a matter which is of deep concern to me, and about which it is proper to speak frankly and somewhat personally. That is, the question as to whether the men of our day have, or can have, the vivid sense of personal fellowship with Christ as a living Friend, Teacher and Redeemer which the men of a former time enjoyed. Or, is Christ now thought of and believed in rather as an Influence, a Principle, than as a living Person? At once it will be seen that this inquiry goes to the heart of things, and one who discusses it must do so in a mood and manner befitting such a theme.

Now, it is not a matter of doubt that this sense of fellowship with Christ as a Person has been the chief glory of the Christian ages. If, then, this experience is rarer than it was in former times, we are either coming to a serious and sad crisis, or else to a religion less vivid and more diffused,—as though our kindly light had been melted into the common day. As I hold converse with my fellowmen and review the Christian literature of the day,—most of which passes through my hands,—I am forced to conclude that this experience of personal fellowship with Christ is rarer than in former times. It is also less vivid and compelling. So true is this that we are even now told that it is a matter of psychology, possible to only a certain cast of mind, and perhaps only a reminiscence of an old habit of thought and feeling. Here is a question to give us pause.

An example in point is a recent passage at words in a fraternal spirit between two religious editors, one Evangelical, the other a Unitarian. The Evangelical editor, in a meditative editorial, spoke of an intimate fellowship with the Living Christ as the secret of personal religion, the note unique in Christian experience. Gently, and in as friendly a manner as possible, his Unitarian neighbor questioned not only the adequacy but the reality of the experience, adding that Phillips Brooks was the only man he ever saw who seemed to be speaking of a reality when he talked of an ever-present Christ. To the Unitarian, as he confesses, such language is only a figure of speech. The perpetual presence of a Living Christ is to him either an apparition, and as such incredible, or a vague sally of the worshipful imagination.

And here is the real point of divergence between Evangelicals and Unitarians, their theological differences being only so many shadows of it. Both of these men are deeply, genuinely, tenderly religious. Their differences lie in the quality of their religious experience. Neither is intolerant, nor is there any desire on either side to cast the other out as irreligious and evil, as would have been the case not many years ago. They know that the devout life is the same, however it may differ in degree of intensity and beauty; that Emerson and Newman were akin in soul, and that Wesley and Channing were moved by a common and high religious motive.

Since reading the words of these religious editors, I have bethought me of the Unitarian literature, most of which I have read with great profit and delight, and it is clear that the Unitarian editor correctly represents the men of his faith. Emerson had no such fellowship with Christ, nor had Parker, nor Channing, nor Hale. Few things among us are more beautiful than the prayers of James Martineau, but never, so far as I recall, does he strike that note. These men were a glory to their race, and their service to religion was real, beneficent, and lasting. Their visions were heavenly visions, and they followed in the shining path.

And yet, nothing is more certain than that it was the sense of personal fellowship with Christ that kept the Christian religion alive upon the earth amidst errors the most prosaic, the most irrational, and the most immoral. This was the secret splendor of the life of St. Paul, but for whose magnificent and ceaseless evangel Christianity might have been slow in making its advent into Europe. Like Paul, Francis of Assisi heard that Voice on a spring morning, and was changed from a careless and dissipated youth into a saint whose very memory is like music. It was the chief glory of Luther that he discovered that faith is not assent to dogmas, but a personal fellowship with Christ, in whose radiance unripe virtues grow golden. John Huss felt that Presence, and it kindled in Wesley "a strange warming of the heart" that set England on fire. This sense of a Living Christ was the one thing fair and unutterably lovely to Phillips Brooks, to Beecher, and to Bushnell, who said that he knew Jesus better, far better, than he knew any man in his city.

So it is that some of us feel that Emerson, Channing and Hale were right as far as they went, but that they did not go far enough. Their intellectual beauty is one of our best traditions, but never while grass grows and water runs can it move the heart of the race. Many things taught by Calvin, Wesley and Newman are unthinkable to us, while nearly all that Channing, Emerson and Martineau taught seems reasonable and true. But, if it were a choice between the two,—as surely it need not be,—some of us would go with Calvin, Wesley and Newman. Their experience of a rich, warm, personal fellowship with a living Christ is ours, even if their theology is not.

One may easily mistake his own heart-history for the mood of his age; but I do not think I am guilty of this when I say that my feeling in this regard is the feeling of an innumerable host of men in our time. Our desire is,—if I may speak for others of my kind,—to see a higher unity of religion, in which the lucid and wise thought of such men as Emerson and Martineau will be included and appreciated to the full, as it deserves to be, and must be; and not only appreciated but joined with a vivid and victorious experience of fellowship with a living Christ. Out of such a union will come,—is coming, we think,—a vision of the ever-living Christ that shall not only justify itself to the heart, but inform the noble and fruitful intellect of our age with divine fire.

It may be that my Melting Pot of religious thought is only a dream, but I do not think it is. As matters now stand, one goes to a liberal church and comes away intellectually fed, but hungry of heart. The sermon is an essay such as many a bright journalist might write, perhaps with more facile grace and charm. Similarly, one goes to an evangelical church and returns with a mingled feeling of intellectual irritation and spiritual refreshment. Of course there are exceptions on both sides, but they only prove the rule. By as much as this is true, by so much both temples fail to meet the needs of man. If one needs a rich, vivid, palpitating religious life, the other needs an intellectual forthrightness without which religion is a wistful emotion clinging to archaic dogmas.

The exigencies of modern life lay upon us as our first duty the necessity for a positive reconstruction of religious faith, or, in other words, for a presentation of the Gospel in terms intelligible to the men of today. But this is not merely an intellectual undertaking. It must be a religious experience before it becomes a philosophy, if we are to think of these lofty themes in a great and conclusive way. Our debt to Aristotle is very great, but for nothing have we more reason to thank him than for the fact that, having no religion, he did not write a book about religion. So long as we think about religion from the outside, we cannot get very far into it. All high thinking must come up out of deep living.

All know how Robert Browning,—a man of the world, yet not a worldly man, a great scholar, and one of the swiftest intellects of his age,—found in his vision of the Living Christ a key to such an understanding of life as can be found nowhere else. Like a sunrise in the Alps, one great mind after another has been kindled by this Vision into a triumphant confidence in realities hitherto shadowy and dim. Whatever may be the shape of future thought, this vision must not fade. In times to come it must be the sovereign power and charm of the pulpit, as it has been from the beginning, if the pulpit is to speak with persuasive and compelling grace. May this heavenly Vision be ours, and may we never be disobedient to its benign and gentle radiance.

Once more the Easter Bells, hung like a chime in the tower of the world, proclaim in grave and kindly tones the Living Christ. No matter if he enter our hearts with turban and tunic, walking with sandaled feet. Still, as of old, he speaks peace to the storms of passion, and makes the troubled waters of life mirror the blue tranquility of the heavens. Still, as in the dim, far time, he casts out the demons of envy, fear and hate; heals the deep wounds of sin and the awful blows of death; cleanses the leprous thoughts that crouch in the caves of the mind, and raises from their tombs our dead dreams and our long buried ideals. Life is never lonely to one who has such heavenly companionship, though every loved form fall into dust. It gives valor to the soul in time of trial, a heart to endure when death makes life bleak and bitter, and at eventide it fills the sky with light.

JOSEPH NEWTON.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

A BOOK-STALL ACQUISITION.—Passing a second-hand book stand in the loop district some months ago, I paused for a glance at the table of dingy volumes outside the door. I was rewarded by finding an excellent copy of a work often heard of but which had never before come into my hands. Ten cents made me the possessor of this English version of Leopold Schefer's work, "The Layman's Breviary," from which, being pressed for time this evening, I propose to give you a specimen passage in lieu of more modern "notes."

The author, Gottlob Leopold Immanuel Schefer, the son of a physician, was born at Muskau, Germany, in 1784. His musical and poetic talents early attracted the attention of the celebrated Prince Pueckler-Muskau, to whom, in 1813, he becamme private secretary, traveling with him through Italy and the Greek islands, gathering rich stores of material and experience subsequently used in his voluminous works of fiction in prose and verse.

The "Layman's Breviary" was first published in 1834. Of it his biographer says: "Returning home from distant lands, full of the poetic picture-wealth of the East, and buried again in German limitations, Schefer found in marriage and home the kernel, the pivot and center of gravity of his poetry. The wife, the mother, the child—the human feeling answering to this triad, formed the point of return and departure for his poetic thought. The title of this collection of poems—standing alone in our literature—was chosen with uncommon felicity. . . . Who can doubt that the 'Layman's Breviary' has helped more souls to an understanding of themselves than any other book of German poesy?"

"Scarce had I planted me an apple-tree,
Scarce had the stones grown quiet at its foot,
Scarce had the tender fibres of the root
Been covered now with earth, and the young stem
With willow-twigs bound to the firm-set stake,
Scarce had the tree stood up, as born full-grown,
As brought by magic 'mongst its sister-trees,
Filling a small space only with its crown,—
When lo! a finch came gliding down along
Its budding boughs as one familiar there,
And trilled his old song on the youngest twig!
At morn a spider had already hung
Thereon her net, so fine and delicate!
And had the spinner been a god, he could not
Have woven more finely, more artistically!
And if the spark of dew had been the god,
He could not on the twig have gleamed more bright.
And had the apple-tree itself been God,
Not finer purple snow could he have bloomed!
But the finch came and trilled, as yesterday
He trilled! and will for ay! His little tree
Already was an aged thing to him!
Then said I to my spirit deeply shamed:
What would'st thou be, how sweetly innocent
And happy, wiser than the greatest men,
If thou could'st only do as this bird does!
Were the clear sun so wholly thine of old,
Were the old earth to these so ever young,
So lightly trod, enjoyed so on the wing,
The human race and all its life, so full,
Complete, abundant, and soul-satisfying;
Its fresh existence ever in the bloom
Of pristine beauty and eternal youth,
Its knowledge, intuition, feeling, art,—
And did'st thou, like the bird, sing primitive songs,
And like the spider spin a master's works,
And like the young tree from thy earliest bud
Put forth with godlike ease and gracefulness,
The fair and fragrant bloom of purple snow!
And my blest spirit whispered low to me,
How far, indeed lives man from the divine!
For did he feel God near him livingly,
Like God would he create,—as dew from water!
Like God would shape things,—as the blooming tree."

M. E. H.

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